

## CHECKING FAIR BABIES

## The New York Exhibit Is Attracting Attention Every Day.

Credit is Due Miss Love, of Buffalo, For the Fitch Creche.

Last December, when Mrs. George L. Dunlap, President of the Children's Home, was asked about a scheme for checking the babies who might go to the Fair, she contemplated by the New York Board of Women Managers—she replied, with some impatience: "The very idea is preposterous. In the first place, there would be the danger of contagion in a public nursery, and in the second the Board of Lady Managers would not assume the responsibility that a scheme of that sort would entail."

In the adjoining room the runabouts play ball, build houses and castles, nurse dolls, give their babies baths, sing, laugh, ride horse, "read" picture books and enjoy themselves generally. There are plenty of toys, and the children are made to settle disputes, and the youngsters are kept thoroughly happy. Every day the room is open to the public, and the children are made to settle disputes, and the youngsters are kept thoroughly happy.

The Fitch creche occupies the west wing of the Children's Building, including the dining room, kitchen, laundry, drying room, toilet-rooms and bath, provided with the most improved sanitary conveniences. Everything is on the ground floor; everything is bright, cheerful, sweet and clean, and everything in the kitchen and laundry everything is arranged for the children's use and comfort. The furniture is just their size, and they can look out of the windows without having to climb up a ladder and take a drink of water without getting drowned.

It is well worth the journey to the World's Fair to see the way the children are checking and caring for the toys.

A WILD BOY.

He Eats Grass and in Other Ways Lives Like an Animal.

The town of Livermore has a wild boy that eats grass and lives on roots and herbs and does all sorts of strange things, says the San Francisco Examiner.

For years this wild boy has lived in his father's pasture, and has been contented as any ordinary rural would be in a well-furnished and comfortable home. The unfortunate lad has a name, and a home, but he does not regard either as much as any rational being would. He prefers to frisk around his father's grain fields and chase the frightened children of the neighborhood down the country roads.

The wild boy's name is John, and he is about fifteen years old. His father, in Livermore, was a well-to-do farmer, and he had a large family. The boy was born in the town of Livermore, and he has been contented as any ordinary rural would be in a well-furnished and comfortable home.

It remained for Miss Maria M. Love, of Buffalo, to prove that the scheme, instead of being "preposterous," was very practical, and to send to the beautiful building which Mrs. Dunlap had caused to be erected one of the most remarkable exhibits of the Columbian Exposition.

The New York Board is justly proud of Miss Love, and every State is forced to acknowledge not only the brilliancy but the skill and the originality of the New York women.

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